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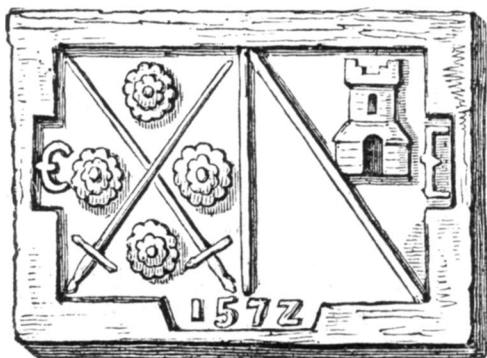
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the knee; the back of it is covered with a rough skin, very similar in texture to shagreen; the hind toe is very short. On the tarsus or shin are fourteen scales overlapping each other, of the same colour generally as the bill, but paler towards the lower edges. The toes and webs of the feet are black, except a small white space at their junction with the leg; the claws are strong, sharp, and jet black.

This singular bird was shot the 9th of October, 1832, by Lieutenant D. G. Freer of the 43rd light infantry, off the Pigeon House wall, near Dublin; and is now in the collection of water birds of Mr. Massey, at the Pigeon House, by whose permission the above description has been supplied to us by Mr. Richard Glennon of Suffolk street, who from his occupation and opportunities, has acquired much and accurate information respecting the natural history of our country. O'G.

#### ARMS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Returning, a few evenings since, from the seashore, to the village of Raheny, my attention was attracted by a stone, carved in the manner represented above, built into the angle of a cottage belonging to George Papworth, Esq., architect. On inquiring, I found its origin was unknown, and that it had occupied its present situation time immemorial. I have since ascertained that it marks the boundary of the county of the city of Dublin, and was probably placed there to designate the extent of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction in this direction.

The arms represented are those of the Howth family (lords of the soil), viz.: argent two swords in saltire between four roses gules seeded vert, empaied with another escutcheon, bearing a bend or bendlett, with a tower in the dexter chief of the field—perhaps the ancient arms of the city of Dublin—the date 1572—the initials C. E. meaning, I suppose, Civitas Eblana.

Notices such as the foregoing may appear trifling to the general reader; but such shreds and remnants of the olden time are gems in the eye of the antiquarian. The science of heraldry speaks a language intelligible indeed to few, but valuable as being permanent, and not liable to change or mutation. Its study is so intimately connected with that of antiquity, that without a knowledge of the one, it is impossible to apply the other to its legitimate result, namely, the elucidation of history. In fact, armorial bearings may be called the hieroglyphics of history; and instances are not rare, in which the preservation of such rude emblazonments as the above, in the absence of more elaborate documents, has eventually been the means of the preservation of a property or a title; and perhaps after the lapse of centuries, this stone, insignificant as it now appears, may be referred to as the evidence of the ancient extent of the franchise of the

"Noble city of Dublin."

R. A.

#### SKETCHES OF CHINA.

If the Chinese have not as yet discovered the philosopher's stone, to enable them to turn the baser metals into gold, they at least possess, in a remarkable degree, the

art of turning every thing within their reach to some useful purpose; hence, nothing is lost, nothing is thrown away as useless.

The population is so great, that there is not sufficient room for houses on the land, or boats on the rivers, as dwellings, but they must also *build castles in the air*, stuck on the top of poles or stakes driven into the bed of the river, and raised above the water, so as not to interfere with the current. The mode of fixing these poles is very ingenious, and may not be known to many in this country. At high water two boats are fastened to the top of the pole, they are then filled with ballast, and at low water their weight forces the pole into the bed of the river, which process is repeated, if necessary.

In the selection of food, the Chinese are free from those prejudices which more or less exist in every part of the civilized world; hence, they have no objection to eat rats, dogs, &c., and import, at a great price, as luxuries, edible birds'-nests\* and shark fins. The writer of these Sketches (although he has not to his knowledge eaten of them,) has often seen roasted dogs, and dried and salted rats, exposed for sale in the windows of the cook-shops in Canton, and dogs brought to market in cage baskets. Black dogs are not in estimation; for this purpose a small dog between the poodle and water spaniel is preferred. They are sold as all other articles of food are, by the pound.

When Lord Macartney was ambassador at China, he was one day eating of a ragout, which he conceiving to be made of duck, turned round and said to his Chinese attendant, enquiringly, "*Quack, quack?*" The China man shook his head, and to his lordship's horror, corrected him by saying, "*bow, wow, wow!*"

The meat is generally cut into very small pieces, and served up in saucers, with a very rich gravy, which at table is eaten with rice plain boiled; the entire of which is tucked into the mouth with the assistance of two pieces of ivory, each about the thickness of a crow quill, and six or seven inches long, called in the Anglo-Chinese dialect of Canton, "*chop sticks*," and which the natives handle as expertly as we do our knives and forks. F.

#### HOME.

It has been, and shall ever be a primary object in the conduct of our little Journal, to make the literary merits of our countrymen more extensively known, and more justly appreciated than they are at present, and particularly of those whose talents have been employed in the promotion of virtue and the moral improvement of the mind. With this view we had the pleasure of laying before our readers, in a former number, page 227, a beautiful little ballad by a native and living poet, of whom Ireland should justly feel proud, we allude to John Anster, Esq. L.L.D. We now present our readers with another poem by that gentleman, in which the peculiar traits of the poet's mind—his deep sensibility and sweetness of fancy, are still more distinctly marked, and which requires no praise of ours to recommend it to notice: that mind must be wholly insensible to poetic beauty, on whom its tenderness of feeling and melody of numbers will fail to make a deep and lasting impression.

Haunts of my youthful days, tho' distant far,  
My spirit is with you! Oh, I could weep,  
Vex'd with the jarrings of this populous world,  
To think upon thy deep tranquillity.  
Mine own lov'd home! the struggles and the strife  
Of worthless ones, that sink into the heart,

\* These nests are built by a kind of swallow, and are found in the islands in the Straights of Malacca and Sunda, and are made of a glutinous substance, probably from the fish spawn, or food of this description which the birds may feed on. When they are imported into China they are like dried artichoke bottoms, and are used to thicken soup, and this soup is supposed by the Chinese to be particularly nourishing; they are sold at from six to eight shillings per ounce at Canton.

Turn'd all its blood to poison ! I have thought  
Of thee, and I am calm : thy trees arose,  
Brightening before mine eye : the pleasantness  
That slumbers in thy vallies—the soft hues  
That bathe thy sunny hills—all met my soul :  
And, lovelier far than Nature's outward forms,  
The spirit of domestic happiness :  
The voice of her I lov'd was in my ear.  
She smil'd serenity, and I was calm.  
Even now I am no more the man I was  
When first I sat to meditate this song ;  
For then the harsh rebuke, the bitter taunt,  
(Most harsh when issuing from Friendship's lips)  
Still vex'd the ear, and sicken'd all the soul.  
Haunts of my childhood ! now I think on you,  
And thoughts and feelings gush along my heart  
Sweet as the music of my native stream !—  
Feelings more holy never with the breeze  
Of evening stole into the spirit of him  
Who plies his bark on Uri's lonely lake,  
And meditates on TELL—the while he sees,  
Darkening, the wave beneath the fane which speaks  
The patriot's triumph, and his country's love :  
The tear is on his cheek—his heart is full—  
A brighter tinge hath lit his streaming eye,  
With gentler sweep he draws the gliding oar,  
Fearful to break those shadows on the wave  
Which wake such deep, such sacred sympathies !—

Haunts of my childhood, are ye still as fair  
As when I wander'd thro' each green recess ?  
Still does the soft breeze with his idle breath  
Stirring at once a thousand twinkling leaves  
Utter neglected music ? Does the cloud,  
In whose dark womb the noon-day sun is hid,  
Whose folds are lightly covered with his beams,  
Still hang as lovely in the silent sky ?  
Is nature still the same, altho' no more  
An eye is there, to hold deep intercourse,  
With all her forms, altho' no heart is there  
To feel her power, and hymn her holiness ?  
Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength  
Had linked me in a strange identity  
With outward accidents of nature—oft  
Methought some spell of more than human force  
Had lull'd to rest my individual self,  
And that one soul inspired the scenes around,  
The spacious sky, the universal air,  
And him who gazed in rapture on the sight !  
And now in crowded city, oh ! how strange,  
How impious does this separation seem,  
From all I wish and love—even from myself !  
Yet have I oft-times held communion high  
And holy with the absent scenery  
That pleased me : oft with spirit most intense  
I brooded, till within the silent soul  
Was heard the flow of waters, and the stir  
Of summer leaves—till every form I lov'd  
Was with me—till I ceased to be alone.  
Dear are such visions to the thinking soul,  
And like in love as in their nature like  
To those fair forms, that, having past from earth,  
Return at twilight, and the musing man,  
Before whose eyes they move, conceives their looks  
Chasten'd, refin'd, and purified by Death !  
Spirits, that oft on light and dewy wing  
Hover'd around the cradle of my childhood,  
Touching the dreaming infant's cheek with smiles,  
And, in the hours of my advancing age,  
Have, with such music as the unseen lark  
Oft sends into the morning traveller's soul,  
Pour'd strains of more than earthly melody  
In calm and awful accents to the heart,  
Breathing along those inward chords that thrill  
With unbid impulse to the Poet's lay ;  
Spirits, ye have not yet deserted me ;  
Ye have not left me, darkly wandering,  
Companionless, unguided, in a world  
I cannot mingle with ! Conflicting men  
May rudely throw me from their noisy converse,  
Or stretch the hand of seeming brotherhood,  
And mock me with their love.

Haunts of my youth,  
YE will not mock me ! and YE cannot change.

## VALOUR AND CONSTANCY.

Upwards of twenty years since, when the British arms were actively engaged in a foreign country, there lived in the north of Ireland a poor farmer, called Walter O'Brien, who possessed a neat cottage and a few acres of land, on which he daily laboured for the support of his family. O'Brien had, in his early days, felt the strokes of adversity ; for, being bequeathed a considerable property from a distant relative, after having enjoyed it for some years, he was engaged in a law-suit, which, although it terminated in his favour, so drained his purse, that he was obliged to dispose of the greater part of his land, and retire to the humble cottage in which we now find him—carrying with him a wife, his only child, Alick, a boy of six years old, and Mary M'Carter, the orphan child of a neighbouring farmer, whom, deprived of both parents in extreme youth, he had adopted in his prosperity, and now treated always as his own. His wife did not long survive her change of fortune ; she died a short time after their removal to the cottage, after giving birth to an infant boy. At the period in which our narrative commences, Alick was a fine manly lad of nineteen—Mary, a most beautiful and interesting creature, two years younger—and little Willie had just completed his tenth year.

It was about the middle of June, and Alick had gone to a distant fair to dispose of some cattle ; he had been absent for three days, which was much longer than his wonted time, and was anxiously expected by the inmates of the cottage. Mary had paced the garden all day, straining her eyes along the road, and was now returning in despair to the house, when she saw Alick's favourite little dog running down the hill, followed by his master. She ran joyfully to the gate, and after welcoming her dear brother (as she always called him), gently chided him for his unusual delay. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that a strong attachment subsisted between this youthful pair. When children, Mary was always Alick's little wife, and they now looked forward to the consummation of their happiness. But Alick had of late began to feel the difficulties of his situation. His father's farm was very small ; and he could neither bear the idea of being a burden to him, or of marrying his beloved Mary, without a home to take her to. The lovers entered the cottage together, and Alick was warmly received by the old man, who was just returned from his daily labour, attended by little Willie.

After he had taken some refreshment, his father questioned him about his success at the fair, and the cause of his delay. He briefly told his story : the fair was badly attended, and he had found great difficulty in disposing of his cattle. " But I am going to leave you, father," said he, his eyes filling with tears. " I am going into the service of my country ; and maybe it may be God's will that I should come home, with some means of supporting you in your old age."

" And where are you going, my own boy ?" said Walter. " Sure you would not leave your poor old father and little Mary, whom you are to marry so soon."

" Father, I am listed," said Alick. " I could not bear to be any longer a burden to you ; you are yourself more than sufficient to labour the little land we have left ; and here is Willie, old enough to take my place. As for Mary, how can I ask her to marry me, till I have some way to support her ? Sure, you would not have me to rear up a family to devour my poor father's substance ? The sergeant tells me, if I conduct myself well, when the regiment comes home, I will get a pension for life ; but, father, he told me more than this—he said it was a shame to see a stout boy, like me, staying idle at home, while my countrymen were fighting so many bloody battles. He said, I owed it to my country to go ; and, dear father, with God's blessing, and your's, I will pay the debt. Mr. Elliott was at the fair, and pledged himself I would be with the sergeant before night to-morrow."

The old man tenderly embraced his son, and sobbing over him, exclaimed, " My child ! my child !—it is now done—you are pledged, and must go. We will miss you sorely ; but, perhaps, it may please the Lord to bring you home safe, to close the eyes of your poor old father. But remember, Alick, you are an Irishman ; and, although it